SYPHILIS:

OR,

A POETICAL

HISTORY

OF THE

French Disease.

Written

In Latin by *FRACASTORIUS.*

And now Attempted in English by *N. TATE.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*, 1686.

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THE TRANSLATOR TO Mr. HOBBS,

Surgeon to His MAJESTY.

ACcept, great Son of Art, this faint effect
Of a moſt active, and unfeign'd Reſpect:
Numbers that yield (Alas!) too juſt ſurvey
Of Phyſick's growth and Poetry's decay.
That ſhew a generous Muſe impair'd by Me,
As much as th' Authour's skill's out-done by Thee.

This *Indian Conqu'rer's* fatal March he ſung,
To the ſame Lyre his own *Apollo* ſtrung;
Whoſe Notes yet fail'd the Monſter to aſſwage,
Revenging Here, invading *Spaniard's* Rage.
Dear was the Conqueſt of a new found World,
Whoſe Plague e'er ſince through all the Old is hurl'd.
Had *Fracaſtorius*, who in Numbers told
(Numbers more rich than thoſe new Lands of Gold)
This great Deſtroyer's Progreſs, ſeen this Age
And thy Succeſs againſt the Tyrant's Rage,
Bembus, had then been no immortal Name,
Thou and thy Art had challeng'd all his Flame!
Thou driv'ſt th' Uſurper to his laſt Retreats,
Repairing as Thou go'ſt the ruin'd Seats:
Thus while the Foe is by thy Art remov'd,
The Holds are ſtrengthen'd, and the Soil improv'd.

Thy happy Conqueſt do's at once Expell
Th' Invader's force, and inbred Factions quell.
Thy Patients and *Auguſta*'s fate's the ſame,
To riſe more fair and laſting for the *Flame*:
While meaner Artiſts this bold Task eſſay,
I'th' little *World of Man* they looſe their way.
Thou know'ſt the ſecret Paſſes to each Part,
And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'ſt not fail in *Art*.

THE

THE

THE LIFE OF Fracaſtorius.

Fracaſtorius was deſcended from the *Fracaſtorian* Family of great Antiquity in *Verona*. He ſeemed not onely to rival the Fame of *Catullus* and *Pliny*, who had long before made that City renown'd, but to have very far exceeded all his Contemporaries, for Learning and Poetry. His Parents were *Paulo-Philippus Fracaſtorius* and *Camilla Maſcarellia*, both of great Reputation. He was ſo well educated by

by his Father that he gave early proofs of a great Genius, ſo that in his childhood all men conceived hopes of an extraordinary Man. Nor was Providence wanting to give him a ſignal Teſtimony, foraſmuch as when he was an Infant in the Armes of his Mother, a ſudden Tempeſt ariſing, in which the Mother was ſtruck dead by Lightning, the Child received no harm. He was ſent for literature while very young to *Padua*, where even in that age with indefatigable labour, he opened his way to that height of glory which he afterwards attained: After the initiatory Arts he applyed himſelf to the ſecrets of diſtinct Sciences, but infinitely delighted with the Mathematicks, in all, aſſiſted by a Memory equal to his Ingenuity. After ſeveral years ſpent in Philoſophical ſtudies under the Tutorſhip of *Peter Pomponatius* of *Mantua*; he devoted himſelf by the dictates of his Genius to Phyſick with ſuch reſolu-

tion

tion and ſucceſs, that in the School diſputations, not onely his fellow Students but moſt experienc'd Doctours were ſenſible that he was deſigned by Providence for great Undertakings. Accordingly they then gave him the honour of the Pulpit, which had never before been permitted to any perſon till they had perfected their ſtudies, and were arrived to the years of Manhood. This School being diſſolv'd by the breaking out of the War, while he had thoughts of returning to his Countrey (his Father being then dead) he was on honourable conditions invited by *Livianus*, General of the *Venetian* Forces, and a noble Patron of Wit, to the College *Forojulienſis*, &c.----and lodged in the ſame apartment of *Andrea Naugerus* and *Johannes Cottac*, two excellent Poets. He had not long reſided here before he publiſhed Verſes on every extraordinary Occaſion that happened, which were received with ſuch general

applauſe

applause throughout *Italy*, that their fame has to this day stifled the performances of his Companions. Having after wards accompanied *Livianus* through many wars, the General being at last overthrown and taken Prisoner by the *French* at *Abdua*; he returned late into his native countrey, where in the general devastation he found his Patrimony almost utterly destroyed.

He marry'd, but was soon unhappy in the loss of two Sons whose untimely death he bewailed in a most passionate Elegy. He was low of Stature but of good bulk, his Shoulders broad, his Hair black and long, his Face round, his Eyes black, his Nose short and turning upwards by his continual contemplation of the Stars, a lively air was spread over his Countenance that displayed the Serenity and Ingenuity of his Mind. He affected a quiet and private life, as being a man free from ambitious desires; contenting himself with

with a moderate fortune, and placing his happineſs in improvement of his knowledge. He was chearfull though frugal at his Table, having a conſtant regard to his health; his wit being always the beſt part of his Banquet. He was notwithſtanding ſparing in his Speech, and affecting no vanity in his Dreſs: He was never cenſorious of other mens performances, but always glad of an occaſion to commend; for which he was deſervedly celebrated by *Johannes Baptiſta* in a noble Epigram. He ſpent his time in curing the diſeaſed, a divine Power ſeeming always to attend his endeavours, above the ſordid deſire of gain, and thought himſelf beſt rewarded in the health of his Patient. By theſe means he contracted many friendſhips, and had (deſervedly) no Enemy.

He was not onely eſteemed for his skill in his own countrey, but was ſought to by foreign Princes in deſperate

rate ſickneſs, for which though vaſt rewards were offered, he brought nothing home beſide their Friendſhip.

In his leiſure he diverted himſelf with reading Hiſtory, at which time *Polybius*, or *Plutarch* were never out of his hands. He ſometimes relieved his ſtudies with Mathematicks and Muſick, and made no ſmall performances in Coſmography. He was much alone, yet always employed; and though by reaſon of his backwardneſs to diſcourſe, he ſeemed of a Saturnine Temper, yet none were more chearfull and pleaſant when entred into Converſation. He performed wonders by his exact knowledge of Herbs and Simples, by ſearching the beſt Books of the Ancients. That moſt excellent Antidote called *Diaſcordium*, was of his preparing; we are likewiſe beholding to his judgment for ſpecifying many uſefull Herbs of which the Ancients had left uncertain deſcription. The Age in which he lived ſaw nothing

equal

equal to his Learning, but his honeſty. In his retreat from the City, while the Peſtilence raged, he found leiſure to compoſe the following Poem, a work of ſuch elegance, that *Sanazarius* freely acknowledged it to excell his own, *De partu Virginis*, that had coſt him above twenty years labour and correction. His Treatiſes in Proſe and eforts of Poetry are too numerous to be recited on this occaſion.

In all which he affected ſo little vanity that he never preſerv'd a Copy; and we are beholding for what are extant, to the induſtry of his Friends that collected them after his death.

He was above 70 years old when he dyed, which was by an Apoplexy that ſeiz'd him while he was at Dinner at his Countrey ſeat. He was ſenſible of his malady, though ſpeechleſs, often putting his Hand upon the top of his Head, by which ſign he would have had his Servants adminiſter a Cupping-Glaſs

Glass to the part affected, by which he had formerly cured a Nun in *Verona*, labouring under the same Distemper. But his Domesticks not conceiving his meaning apply'd first one thing and then another, till in the Evening he gently Expired. He was Interr'd at *Verona*: his Statue together with that of *Andrea Naugerus*, delicately cast in Brass, was erected in the School of *Padua* by *Johannes Baptista Rhamnusius*. His fellow Citizens of *Verona*, not to be behind *Rhamnusius* in respect (two years after the erecting the brazen Statue in *Padua*) set up his Image in marble at *Verona*, in imitation of their Ancestours who had performed the same honour to their *Catullus* and *Pliny*; with Laurel round their Heads.

TO

TO
His Friend,

The Writer of the

ENSUING TRANSLATION.

WELL has thy Fate directed Thee to chuse
An Authour, worthy of the noblest Muse:
His learned Pen has, what was long unknown,
In Roman *language, like a* Roman *shown.*
And thine as sweet, in British *numbers taught*
The Labours of his vast Poetick thought.
Of Earth, of Seas, of putrid air He sung,
To search from whence that dire Contagion sprung,
Which now does worse than fellest Plagues deface
The beauteous Form of God's resembling Race.

† *From*

From the Malignant influence of the Skies,
'Tis ſure the Seeds of moſt Diſeaſes riſe.
But if this mercileſs, conſuming Flame,
From Vapours, or Infectious Planets came;
Why rag'd it not much more in ancient Times,
From Exhalations of impurer Climes?
Beſides; no ſettled Conſequence can ſpring
From whatſoe'er contingent Cauſes bring.
The raging Peſtilence, that long lays waſt
The ſpotted Prey, devours it ſelf at laſt.
And ſure had this been ne'er ſoſtrong entail'd,
The vile ſucceſſion muſt e'er now have fail'd.

Blame not the Stars; 'tis plain it neither fell
From the diſtemper'd Heav'ns, nor roſe from Hell.
Nor need we to the diſtant Indies *rome;*
The curſt Originals are nearer home.
Whence ſhould that foul infectious Torment flow,
But from the baneſull ſource of all our wo?

That

That wheedling, charming Sex, that draws us in
To ev'ry punishment and ev'ry sin.
While Man, by Heav'ns command, and nature led,
Through this vast Globe his Maker's Image spread;
The Godlike Figure form'd in ev'ry womb
Prolifick stems, for Ages yet to come.
Uncurst, because he did not vainly toil,
On barren Mountains, or impregnant soil;
Healthfull and vigorous, He, o'er the face
Of the wide Earth, dispers'd the Sacred race.
But now, that Tribe, who all our Rights invade,
Pervert the wise Decrees which Nature made.
Prompt to all ill, Insatiately they fire
At ev'ry pamper'd Brutes untam'd desire:
And while they prostitute themselves to more
Than Eastern Kings had Concubines before;
The foul Promiscuous Coition breeds,
Like jarring Elements, those pois'nous seeds,

Which

Which all the dreadfull host of Symptomes bring;
And with one curst Disease a Legion spring.
Were the decay'd, degenerate race of Man,
Untainted now, as when it first began;
And there were no such tort'ring Plague on Earth,
The first inconstant Wretch wou'd give it birth.
Shun her, as you wou'd fly from splitting Rocks;
Not Wolves so fatal are to tender Flocks:
Though round the world the dire Contagion flew,
She'll poison more, than e'er Pandora *slew.*

A POE-

A POETICAL HISTORY OF THE *FRENCH DISEASE.*

THrough what adventures this unknown Diſeaſe
So lately did aſtoniſht *Europe* ſeize,
Through *Aſian* Coaſts and *Libyan* Cities ran,
And from what Seeds the Malady began,
Our Song ſhall tell: To *Naples* firſt it came
From *France*, and juſtly took from *France* his
Companion of the War—— (Name,

The Methods next of Cure we ſhall expreſs,
The wondrous Wit of Mortals in diſtreſs:
But when their Skill too faint Reſiſtence made,
We'll ſhew the Gods deſcending to their aid.
To reach the ſecret Cauſes we muſt riſe
Above the Clouds, and travell o'er the Skies.
The daring Subject let us then purſue,
Tranſported with an Argument ſo new,
While ſpringing Groves and tuneſull Birds invite,
And Muſes that in wondrous Theams delight.

O *Bembus*, Ornament of *Italy*,
If yet from Cares of State thou canſt be free,
If *Leo*'s Councils yet can ſpare thy skill,
And let the Buſineſs of the World ſtand ſtill;
O ſteal a viſit to thoſe cool retreats,
The Muſes deareſt moſt frequented Seats;
And, gentle *Bembus*, do not there diſdain
A Member of the *Eſculapian* Train,

Attempting Phyſicks practice to rehearſe,
And clothing low Experiments in Verſe.
A God inſtructs, theſe myſteries of old
By great *Apollo's* ſelf in equal ſtreins were told.
The ſmalleſt objects oft attract our Eyes,
But here, beneath a ſmall appearance, lies
A Source, that greateſt wonder will create,
Of Nature much and very much of Fate.

But thou, *Urania*, who alone canſt trace
Firſt Cauſes, meaſure out the Starry ſpace;
That know'ſt the Planets number, force and uſe,
And what Effects the vari'd Orbs produce:
So may the Sphears thy Heavenly Courſe admire,
The Stars with envy at thy Beams retire;
As thou a while ſhalt Condeſcend to dwell,
With me on Earth, and make this Grove thy Cell;
While *Zephyrus*, can my head, with Myrtle bound,
And imitating Rocks my Song reſound.

Say, Goddeſs, to what Cauſe we ſhall at laſt
Aſſign this Plague, unknown to Ages paſt;
If from the Weſtern Climes 'twas wafted o'er,
When daring *Spaniards* left their Native ſhore;
Reſolv'd beyond th' *Atlantick* to deſcry,
Conjectur'd Worlds, or in the ſearch to dye.
For Fame Reports this Grief perpetual there,
From Skies infected and polluted Air:
From whence 'tis grown ſo Epidemical,
Whole Cities Victims to its Fury fall;
Few ſcape, for what relief where vital Breath,
The Gate of Life, is made the Road of death?
If then by Traffick thence this Plague was brought,
How Dearly Dearly was that Traffick bought!
This Prodigy of ſickneſs, weak at firſt,
(Like Infant Tyrants and in ſecret Nurſt)
When once confirm'd, with ſudden rage breaks forth
And ſcatters deſſolation through the Earth.

So,

So while the Shepherd travelling through the dark
Strikes his dim Torch, ſome unſuſpected Spark
Falls in the Stubble, where it ſmothers long
But by degrees becomes at laſt ſo ſtrong,
That now it ſpreads o'er all the Neighbouring ſoil,
Devours at once the Plowmans hope and Toil;
The ſacred Grove next Sacrifice muſt be,
Nor *Jove* can ſave his dedicated Tree;
The Grove Foments its Rage from whence it flies
In curling flames and ſeems to fire the Skies.
Yet obſervation rightly taken draws
This new Diſtemper from ſome newer Cauſe;
Nor Reaſon can allow that this Diſeaſe,
Came firſt by Comerce from beyond the Seas;
Since inſtances in divers Lands are ſhown,
To whom all *Indian* Traffick is unknown:
Nor could th' Infection from the Weſtern Clime
Seize diſtant Nations at the ſelf ſame time;

And in Remoter parts begin its Reign,
As fierce and early as it did in *Spain*.
What slaughter in our *Italy* was made
Where *Tiber's* Tribute to the Oceans paid;
Where *Poe* does through a hundred Cities glide,
And pours as many Streams into the Tide.
All at one Season, all without relief,
Receiv'd and languisht with the common grief.
Nor can th' Infection first be charg'd on *Spain*,
That fought new Worlds beyond the Western Main.
Since from *Pyrene's* foot, to *Italy*,
It shed its Bane on *France*, while *Spain* was free.
As soon the fertile *Rhine* its fury found,
And Regions with eternal Winter bound:
Nor yet did Southern Climes its vengeance shun,
But felt a flame more scorching than the Sun.
The Palms of *Ida* now neglected stood,
And *Egypt* languisht while her *Nile* o'erflow'd;

From whence 'tis plain this Peſt muſt be aſſign'd
To ſome more pow'rfull Cauſe and hard to find.
In all productions of wiſe Nature's hand,
Whether Conceiv'd in Air on Sea or Land;
No conſtant method does direct her way,
But various Beings various Laws obey;
Such things as from few Principles ariſe,
In every place and ſeaſon meet our eyes;
But what are fram'd of Principles abſtruce,
Such places onely and ſuch times produce.
Effects of yet a more ſtupendious Birth,
And ſuch as Nature muſt with pangs bring forth,
Where violent and various Seeds unite,
Break ſlowly from the Boſome of the Night;
Long in the Womb of Fate the Embryo's worn,
Whole Ages paſs before the Monſter's born.
Diſeaſes thus which various Seeds compound,
As various in their Birth and date are found.

Some always seen, some long in darkness hurld,
That break their chains at last to scourge the World.
To which black List this Plague must be assign'd,
Nights foulest Birth and Terrour of Mankind.
Nor must we yet think this escape the first,
Since former Ages with the like were curst.
Long since he scatter'd his Infernal flame,
And always Being had, though not a Name,
At least what Name it bore is now unfound:
Both Names and things in times Abyss lye drown'd.
How vainly then do we project to keep
Our Names remembred when our Bodies sleep?
Since late Succession searching their descent,
Shall neither find our dust nor Monument.
Yet where the Western Ocean finds its bound
(The World so lately by the *Spaniards* found)
Beneath this Pest the wretched Natives groan
In every Nation there and always known,

Such

Such dire Effects depend upon a Clime,
On varying Skies and long Revolving time:
The temper of their Air this Plague brought forth,
The Soil it ſelf diſpos'd for ſuch a Birth.
All things conſpir'd to raiſe the Tyrant there,
But time alone cou'd fix his Conqueſt here.
If therefore more diſtinctly we would know
Each Source from whence this deadly Bane did flow,
His Progreſs in the Earth we muſt ſurvey
How many Cities groan beneath his ſway.
And when his great Advancement we have trac'd,
We muſt allow his Principles as vaſt.
That Earth nor Sea th' Ingredients cou'd prepare
And wholly muſt aſcribe it to the Air,
The Tyrant's ſeat, his Magazine is there.
The Air that do's both Earth and Sea ſurround,
As eaſily can Earth and Sea confound;

What Fence for Bodies when at every pore
The ſoft Invader has an open door? (Breath,
What fence, where poyſon's drawn with vitall
And Father Air the Authour proves of Death?
Of ſubtile ſubſtance that with eaſe receives
Infection, which as eaſily it gives.
Now by what means this dire Contagion firſt,
Was form'd aloft, by what Ingredients nurſt,
Our Song ſhall tell; and in this wondrous Courſe,
Revolving times and varying Planets force.

Firſt then the Sun with all his train of Stars,
Amongſt our Elements raiſe endleſs Wars;
And when the Planets from their Stations Range,
Our Orb is influenc'd, and feels the Change.
The chiefeſt inſtance is the Suns retreat,
No ſooner he withdraws his vital heat,
But fruitleſs Fields with Snow are cover'd o'er,
The pretty Fountains run and talk no more.

Yet

Yet when his Chariot to the *Crab* returns,
The Air, the Earth, the very Ocean burns.
The Queen of Night can boaſt no leſs a ſway,
At leaſt all humid things her power obey.
Malignant *Saturn*'s Star as much can claim,
With friendly *Jove*'s, bright *Mars*, and *Venus* flame,
And all the hoſt of Lights without a Name.
Our Elements beneath their influence lye,
Slaves to the very Rabble of the Sky.
But moſt when many meet in one abode,
Or when ſome Planet enters a new road,
Far diſtant from the Courſe he us'd to run,
Some mighty work of Fate is to be done.
Long tracts of time indeed muſt firſt be ſpent,
Before completion of the vaſt event;
But when the Revolution once is made
What miſchiefs Earth and Sea at once Invade!

Poor

Poor Mortals then ſhall all extremes ſuſtain
While Heav'n diſſolves in Deluges of Rain;
Which from the mountains with impetuous courſe,
And headlong Rage, Trees, Rocks and Towns
ſhall force,
O'er ſwelling *Ganges* then ſhall ſweep the Plain,
And peacefull *Poe* outroar the Stormy Main.
In other parts the Springs as low ſhall lye,
And Nymphs with Tears, exhauſted ſtreams
ſupply.
Where neither Drought nor Deluges deſtroy,
The winds their utmoſt fury ſhall employ;
Whlie Hurricans whole Cities ſhall o'erthrow,
Or Earthquakes Gorge them in the depths below.
Perhaps the Seaſon ſhall arrive (if Fate
And Nature once agree upon the date)
When this moſt cultivated Earth ſhall be
Unpeopled quite, or drench'd beneath the Sea;

When

When ev'n the Sun another Courſe ſhall ſteer,
And other Seaſons conſtitute the year:
The wondring North ſhall ſee the ſpringing Vine,
And *Moors* admire at Snow beneath the Line.
New *Species* then of Creatures ſhall ariſe
A new Creation Nature's ſelf ſurpriſe.
Then Youth ſhall lend freſh vigour to the Earth,
And give a ſecond breed of Gyants birth.
By whom a new aſſault ſhall be perform'd,
Hills heap'd on Hills, and Heaven once more
be ſtorm'd.

Since Nature's then ſo lyable to change,
Why ſhould we think this late Contagion ſtrange;
Or that the Planets where ſuch miſchiefs grow,
Should ſhed their poyſon on the Earth below?

Two hundred rowling years are paſt away,
Since *Mars* and *Saturn* in Conjunction lay.

When

When through the East an unknown Fever Rag'd,
Of strange Effects and by no Arts Asswag'd;
From suffocated Lungs with pain they drew
Their breath, and bloud for spittle did ensue;
Four days the wretches with this Plague were griev'd,
(Oh dismal sight) and then by death reliev'd.
From thence to *Persia* the Contagion came,
Of whom th' *Assyrians* catch'd the spreading flame.
Euphrates next and *Tigris* did complain,
Arabia too stil'd happy now in vain;
Then *Phrygia* mourn'd, from whence it crost the Sea
(Too small to quench its flame) to *Italy*.
Then from this lower Orb with me remove
To view the Starry Palaces above,
Through all the Roads of wandring Planets rove.
To search in what position they have stood,
And what Conjectures were from them made good.

To

To find what Signs did former times direct,
And what the preſent Age is to expect:
From hence perhaps we ſhall with eaſe deſcry
The Source of this ſtupendious Malady.
Behold how *Cancer* with portentous harms
Before Heav'ns Gate unfolds his threatning Armes;
Prodigious ills muſt needs from thence enſue,
In which one Houſe we may diſtinctly view
A numerous Cabal of Stars conſpire,
To hurl at once on Air their bainfull fire.
All this the Rev'rend Artiſt did deſcry
Who nightly watch'd the Motions of the Sky,
Ye Gods (he cry'd) what does your rage prepare,
What unknown Plague engenders in the Air?
Beſides, I ſee dire Wars on *Europe* ſhed,
Auſonian Fields with Native Gore o'erſpread.
Thus Sung the Sage, and to prevent debate,
In writing left the Story of our Fate.

When

When any certain Courſe of years is run
E'er the next Revolution be begun,
Heavens Method is, for *Jove* in all his State,
To weigh Events and to determine Fate;
To ſearch the Book of deſtiny and ſhow
What change ſhall riſe in Heav'n or Earth below.
Behold him then in awfull Robes array'd,
And calling his known Counſel to his aid;
Saturn and *Mars* the Thundring Summons call,
The *Crab*'s portentous Armes unlock the Hall,
Mark with what various meen the Gods repair,
Firſt *Mars* with ſparkling Eyes and flaming Hair,
So furious and addicted to Alarms,
He dreams of Battels, though in *Venus* Armes.
But ſee with what auguſt and peacefull brow
(Of Gold his Chariot if the Fates allow)
Great *Jove* appears, who do's to all extend
Imparsial Juſtice, Heav'n and Nature's friend.

Old

Old *Saturn* laſt with heavy pace comes on,
Loath to obey the Summons of his Son;
Oft going ſtopt, oft pender'd in his mind
Heaven's Empire loſt, oft to return inclin'd;
Thus, much diſtracted, and arriving late,
Sits grudging down beſide the Chair of State.
Jove now unfolds what Fate's dark laws contain,
Which *Jove* alone has Wiſedom to Explain:
Sees ripning Miſchiefs ready to be hurl'd,
And much Condoles the Suffrings of the World:
Unfolded views deaths Adamantine Gates,
War, Slaughters, Factions and ſubverted States.
But moſt aſtoniſh'd at a new Diſeaſe,
That muſt forthwith on helpleſs Mortals ſeize,
Theſe ſecrets he unfolds, and ſhakes the Skies:
The Gods Condole and from the Council riſe.
Hell's Agent thus no ſooner quits his Cage,
But on the ſtarting Spheres he hurles his rage:

The purer Orbs diſdain th' Infernal foe,
And ſhake the Taint upon the Air below.
The groſſer Air receives the baneſull Seeds,
Converting to the Poiſon which it feeds:
Whether the Sun from Earth this Vapour drew,
In late Conjunction with his fiery Crew;
Or from Fermenting Seas by *Neptune* ſent
In Envy to the higher Element,
Is hard to ſay; or if more Powers combin'd,
Sent forth this Prodigy to fright Mankind.
The Offices of Nature to define,
And to each Cauſe a true effect aſſign,
Muſt be a Task both hard and doubtfull too,
Since various conſequences oft enſue:
Nor Nature always to her ſelf is true.
Some Principles ſhall on the Inſtant work,
Whilſt others ſhall for tedious Ages lurk:

Beſides,

Beſides the Power of Chance ſhall oft prevail,
On Natures force, and cauſe Events to fail.
Nor is the influence of Maladies
Leſs various than the Seeds from whence they riſe.
Sometimes th' infected Air hurts Trees alone,
To graſs and tender flowers pernicious known.
The blaſt ſometimes deſtroys the furrow'd ſoil,
With mildew'd Ears not worth the Reapers toil.
Or if ſome Dale with Grain ſeems more enrich'd,
It moulds and rots before the ſheaves are pitchd.
When Earth yields ſtore, yet oft ſome ſtrange Diſeaſe
Shall fall and onely on poor Cattel ſeize.
Here it ſhall ſweep the Stock, while there it ſheds
Its fury onely on devoted Heads.
My own Remembrance to this hour retains,
An Autumn drown'd with never ceaſing Rains:
Yet this Malignant Luxury the breed
Of Goats alone did rue, the reſt were freed.

See how at break of day their number's told,
See how the Keeper drives them from the Fold:
Behold him next beneath a hanging Rock,
And chearing with his Reed the browzing Flock,
While them he charms nor is himſelf leſs pleas'd,
With a ſharp ſudden Cough ſome darling Kid is ſeiz'd
The Cough his Knell, for with a giddy round
He whirls, and ſtreight falls dead upon the ground.
This fever thus to Goats and Kids ſevere
While *Autumn* held, confined his Vengeance there;
Next Spring, both lowing Herd and Bleating Flock
At once it ſeiz'd, ſpar'd none but ſwept the Stock:
With ſuch uncertainty from tainted Skies
In Bodies plac't on Earth effects ariſe.
Since then by dear experiment we find
Diſeaſes various in their Riſe and Kind:

Of this Contagion let us take a view,
More terrible for being Strange and new,
That with the proudeſt Son of Slaughter vies,
And claims no lower kindred than the Skies;
And as he did aloft conceive his Flame,
The proud Deſtroyer ſeeks no common Game,
He ſcorns the well finn'd Sporters of the Flood,
He ſcorns the well plum'd Singers of the wood;
Diſdains the wanton Browzers of the Rock,
Diſdains the lowing Herd and bleating Flock;
With Wolf or Bear, deſpizes to engage,
Nor can the generous Horſe provoke his rage:
The Lords of Nature onely he annoys,
And humane frame, Heav'ns Images, deſtroys.
The bloud's black viſcous parts he ſeizes firſt,
By whoſe malignant Aliments he's nurſt;
And e'er he can the fierce Aſſault begin,
Factions of humours take his part within;

The ſtrongeſt Holds of nature thus he gains,
Quar'tring his cruel Troops throughout the veins,
While ſome more noble Seat the Tyrant's Throne
contains.

Such principles brought this Diſtemper forth,
Such Aliments maintain'd the dreadfull Birth.
His certain ſigns and ſymptoms to rehearſe,
Is the next taske of our inſtructing Verſe.
O, may it prove of ſuch a laſting date,
To conquer Time, and Triumph over Fate.
Apollo's ſelf inſpires the uſefull Song,
And all that to *Apollo* do's belong,
Like him, ſhould ever, live and be for ever young.
How ſhall Poſterity admire our skill,
Taught by our Muſe to know the lurking ill,
And when his dreadfull Viſage they behold,
Cry, this is the Diſeaſe whoſe Signs of old
Th' inſpir'd Phyſician in bright numbers told.

For

For thô th' infernal Peſt ſhould quit the Earth,
Abſconding in the Hell, that gave it Birth;
Yet after lazy Revolutions paſt
The unſuſpected Prodigy at laſt,
Shall from the womb of Night once more be hurl'd,
T' infect the Skies, and to amaze the World.
What therefore ſeems moſt wondrous in his courſe
Is that he ſhould ſo long conceal his Force;
For when the Foe his ſecret way has made,
And in our Intrails ſtrong detachments laid;
Yet oft the Moon four monthly rounds ſhall ſteer
Before convincing Symptoms ſhall appear;
So long the Malady ſhall lurk within,
And grow confirm'd before the danger's ſeen;
Yet with Diſturbance to the wretch diſeas'd,
Who with unwonted heavineſs is ſeiz'd,
With drooping Spirits, his affairs perſues,
And all his Limbs their offices refuſe,

The chearfull glories of his Eyes decay,
And from his Cheeks the Roſes fade away,
A leaden hue o'er all his Face is ſpread,
And greater weights depreſs his drooping Head;
Till by degrees the Secret parts ſhall ſhow,
By open proofs the undermining Foe;
Who now his dreadfull enſigns ſhall diſplay,
Devour, and haraſs in the ſight of day.
Again, when chearfull Light has left the Skies,
And Night's ungratefull ſhades and Vapors riſe;
When Nature to our Spirits ſounds retreat,
And to the Vitals calls Her ſtragling Heat;
When th' out works are no more of warmth poſſeſt,
Bloudleſs, and with a load of humours preſt;
When ev'ry kind Relief's retir'd within,
'Tis then the Execrable Pains begin;
Armes, Shoulders, Legs, with reſtleſs Aches vext,
And with Convulſions ev'ry Nerve perplext;

For

For when through all our Veins th' Infection's
ſpread,
And by what e'er ſhould feed the Body fed;
When Nature ſtrives the Vitals to defend,
And all deſtructive humours outward ſend:
Theſe being viſcous, groſs and loath to ſtart,
In its dull March ſhall torture ev'ry Part;
Whence to the Bloudleſs Nerves dire Pains enſue,
At once contracted, and extended too;
The thinner Parts will yet not ſtick ſo faſt,
But to the Surface of the Skin are caſt,
Which in foul Botches o'er the Body ſpread,
Prophane the Boſome, and deform the Head:
Here Puſcles in the form of Achorns ſwell'd,
In form alone, for theſe with Stench are fill'd,
Whoſe Ripneſs is Corruption, that in time,
Diſdain confinement, and diſcharge the ſlime;

Yet oft the Foe would turn his Forces back,
The Brawn and inmoſt Muſcles to attack,
And pierce ſo deep, that the bare Bones have been
Betwixt the dreadfull fleſhy Breaches ſeen;
When on the vocal parts his Rage was ſpent,
Imperfect ſounds, for tunefull Speech was ſent.
As on a ſpringing Plant, you have beheld
The juice that through the tender Bark has ſwell'd,
That from the Sap's more viſcous part did come,
Till by the Sun condens'd into a Gumm:
So when this Bane is once receiv'd within,
With ſuch Eruptions he ſhall force the Skin;
And when the Humour for a time has flow'd,
Grow fixt at laſt, and harden to a Node.
Hence ſome young Swain, as on the Rocks he ſtood,
To view his Picture in the cryſtal Flood,
And finding there his lovely Cheeks deform'd,
Againſt the Stars, againſt the Gods he ſtorm'd:

Mean while the Sable Wings of Night are ſpread,
And balmy Sleep on ev'ry creature ſhed,
Theſe wretches onely no Repoſe could take,
By this tormenting Fiend ſtill kept Awake;
Impatient till the Morn reſtor'd the Light,
Then curſt her Beams, and wiſh'd again for Night.
Ceres in vain her bleſſings did afford,
In vain the flowing Goblet crown'd the Board;
No comfort they in large Poſſeſſions had,
Of Farms, or Towns, but e'en in Banquets ſad:
In vain the Streams, and Meads they did frequent,
The diſmal Thought perſu'd where'er they went;
And when for Proſpect they would climb the Hill,
The dire Remembrance Hagg'd their Fancy ſtill:
In vain the Gods themſelves they did invoke,
Adorn'd their Shrines, and made their Altars ſmoak:
They Brib'd and Pray'd, yet ſtill reliefleſs lay,
Their offer'd Gumms conſum'd leſs faſt than they.

Shall

Shall I relate what I my ſelf beheld,
Where *Ollius* ſtream with gentle plenty ſwell'd?
In thoſe fair Meads where *Ollius* cuts his way,
A Youth of Godlike form I did ſurvey,
By all the World beſides unparallel'd,
And ev'n in *Italy* by none excell'd;
Firſt Signs of Manhood on his Cheeks were ſhown,
A tender Harveſt, and but thinly ſown,
Beſides thoſe charms that did his Perſon grace,
Deſcended from a rich and noble Race:
What tranſport in Spectatours did he breed,
Mounted, and managing the fiery Steed,
What Joy at once, and Terrour did we feel,
When he prepar'd for Field, and ſhone in Steel?
Of equal Strength and Skill for Exerciſe,
All conflicts try'd, but never loſt a Prize;
Oft in the Chaſe his Courſer he'd forgo,
Truſt his own Feet, and turn the ſwifteſt Roe.

For

For him each Nymph, for him each Goddeſs ſtrove,
Of Hill, of Plain, of Meadow, Stream and Grove:
Nor can we doubt that in this numerous Train,
Some One (neglected) did to Heaven complain,
Who though in vain She lov'd, yet did not Curſe
in vain;
For whilſt the Youth did to his Strength confide,
And Nerves in ev'ry Task of hardſhip try'd.
This finiſh'd Piece, this celebrated Frame,
The Manſion of a loath'd Diſeaſe became:
But of ſuch baneſull, and malignant Kind, (find.
As Ages paſt ne'er knew, and future ne'er ſhall
Now might you ſee his Spring of Youth decay,
The Verdure dye, the Bloſſoms fall away;
The foul Infection o'er his Body ſpread,
Prophanes his Boſome, and deforms his Head;
His wretched Limbs with filth and ſtench o'er flow,
While Fleſh divides, and ſhews the Bones below.

Dire

Dire Ulcers (can the Gods permit them) prey
On his fair Eye-balls, and devour their Day,
Whilſt the neat Pyramid below, falls Mouldring
quite away.

Him neighbouring *Alps* bewail'd with conſtant Dew,
Ollius; no more his wonted Paſſage knew
Hills, Valleys, Rocks, Streams, Groves, his Fate
Bemoan'd,
Sebinus Lake from deepeſt Caverns groan'd.

From hence malitious *Saturn*'s Force is known,
From whoſe malignant Orb this Plague was thrown,
To whom more cruel *Mars* aſſiſtence lent,
And club'd his Influence to the dire Event:
Nor could the malice of the Stars ſuffice,
To make ſuch execrable Miſchief riſe;
For certainly e'er this Diſeaſe began,
Through Hells dark Courts the curſing Furies ran,

Where

Where to aſtoniſht Ghoſts they did relate,
In dreadfull Songs, the Burthen of our Fate;
The *Stygian* Pool did to the bottome rake,
And from its Dregs the curſt Ingredients take,
Which ſcatter'd ſince through *Europe* wide and far,
Bred Peſtilence, and more conſuming War.

Ye Deities who once our Guardians were,
Who made th' *Auſonian* fields your ſpecial Care,
And thou O *Saturn*, Father of our Breed,
From whence do's this unwonted Rage proceed
Againſt thy ancient Seats?
Has Fate's dark Store a Plague yet left, which we
Have not ſuſtain'd ev'n to Extremity?
Firſt let *Parthenope* her griefs declare,
Her Kings deſtroy'd her Temples ſack't in War.
Who can the Slaughter of that Day recite,
When hand to hand we joyn'd the *Gauls* in fight,

When

When *Tarrus* Brook was ſo o'er-ſwell'd with Bloud
Men, Horſes, Arms, rowl'd down th' impetuous
Eridanus in wandring Banks receives (Flood?
The purple Stream, and for our Fate with Brother
To what eſtate, O wretched *Italy* (*Tarrus* grieves.
Has civil Strife redue'd, and mouldr'd Thee!
Where now are all thy ancient Glories hurl'd?
Where is thy boaſted Empire of the World?
What nook in Thee from barb'rous Rage is freed,
And has not ſeen her captive Children bleed?
That was not firſt to ſavage Arms a Prey,
And do's not yet more ſavage Laws obey?
Anſwer ye Hills where peaceſull Cluſters grew,
And never till this hour diſturbance knew,
Calm as the Flood which at your Feet ye View;
Calm as *Erethenus* who on each ſide,
Beholds your Vines, and raviſht with their Pride,
Moves ſlowly with his Tribute to the Tide.

O *Italy*

O *Italy*, our Ancient happy Seat,
Glory of Nations, and the Gods Retreat,
Whoſe fruitfull Fields for peopled Towns provide,
Where *Atheſis*, and ſmooth *Benacus* glide,
What words have force, thy Sufferings to relate,
Thy ſervile Yoke, and ignominious Fate.
Now dive, *Benacus*, thy fam'd courſe give o'er
And lead thy Streams through Laurel-Banks no more.

Yet, when our Mis'ries thus were at their height,
As if our Sorrows ſtill had wanted weight,
As if our former Plagues had been too ſmall,
We ſaw our Hope, *Minerva*'s Darling fall,
Thy Funeral, *Marcus*, we did then ſurvey
Snatcht from the Muſes Armes before thy day,
Benacus Banks at thy Interment groan'd,
And neighbouring *Atheſis* thy Fate bemoan'd;

Where by the Moon's pale Beams, *Catullus* came,
And nightly ſtill was heard to ſound thy Name,
His Songs once more his native Seats inſpire,
The Groves were charm'd, and knew their Maſter's Lyre.

'Twas now the *Galls* began their fierce Alarms,
And cruſht *Liguria* with victorious Arms,
While other Provinces as faſt expire
By *Cæſar*'s Sword, and more deſtructive Fire;
No Latian Seat was free from Slaughter found,
But all alike with Tears and Bloud were drown'd.

Now for our ſecond Task, and what Relief
Our Age has found againſt this raging Grief,
The Methods now of Cure we will expreſs,
The wondrous Wit of Mortals in diſtreſs.
Aſtoniſht long they lay, no Remedy
At firſt they knew, nor Courage had to try,

But learnt by ſlow Experience to appeaſe,
To check, and laſt to vanquiſh the Diſeaſe.
Yet after all our Study we muſt own
Some Secrets were by Revelation known:
For though the Stars in dark Cabals combin'd,
And for our Ruine with the Furies join'd,
Yet were we not to laſt Deſtruction left,
Nor of the Gods Protection quite bereft.
If ſtrange and dreadfull Maladies have reign'd,
If Wars, dire Maſſacres we have ſuſtain'd,
If Flames have laid our Fields and Cities waſte,
Our Temples too in common Rubbiſh caſt;
If ſwelling Streams no more in Banks were kept,
But Men, Herds, Houſes with the Flood were ſwept;
If few ſurviv'd theſe Plagues, and Famine ſlew,
The greater Part of that ſurviving Few.
Yet of ſuch great Adventures we are proud,
As Fate had to no former Age allow'd.

For, what no Mortals ever dar'd before,
We have the Ocean ſtemm'd from ſight of Shore;
Nor was't enough, by *Atlas* fartheſt bound,
That we the fair *Heſperian* Gardens found,
That we t' *Arabia* a new Paſſage ſought,
While Ships for Camels the rich Lading brought:
To th' outmoſt Eaſt, we ſince a Voiage made,
And in the riſing Sun our Sails diſplay'd,
Beyond the *Ind* large tracts of Land did find,
And left the World's reputed bounds behind,
To paſs the World's reputed bounds was ſmall
Performances, of greater Glory call
Our fam'd Adventures on the weſtern Shore,
Diſcovering Stars, and Worlds unknown before;
But waving theſe, our Age has yet beheld
An inſpir'd Poet, and by none excell'd,
Parthenope extoll'd the Songs he made,
Sebethe's God, and *Virgil*'s ſacred Shade,

From Gardens to the Stars his Muſe would riſe,
And made the Earth acquainted with the Skies.
His Name might well the Ages pride ſuſtain,
But many more exalted Souls remain;
Who, when Expir'd, and Envy with them dead
To equal the beſt Ancients ſhall be ſaid:
But, *Bembus*, while this Liſt we do unfold,
In which Heav'ns bleſſings on the Age are told,
Leo, the moſt illuſtrious place do's claim,
The great Reſtorer of the *Roman* Name;
By whoſe mild Aſpects, and auſpicious Fire,
Malignant Planets to their Cells retire.
Jove's friendly Star once more is ſeen to riſe
And ſcatters healing Luſtre through the Skies,
He, onely He, our Loſſes could repair,
And call the Muſes to their native Air,
Reſtore the ancient Laws of Right and Juſt,
Poliſh Religion, from Barbarian Ruſt.

For Heav'n, and *Rome* engag'd in fierce Alarms,
With pious Vengeance, and with ſacred Arms,
Whoſe terrour to *Euphrates* Banks was ſpread,
While *Nile* retir'd t' his undiſcover'd Head,
And frighted *Doris* div'd into his oozy Bed.

While ſome more able Muſe ſhall ſing his Name,
In Numbers equal to his Deeds and Fame.
While *Bembus* thou ſhalt this great Theme rehearſe,
And weave his Praiſes in eternal Verſe,
Let me, in what I have propos'd, proceed
With Subject ſuted to my ſlender Reed.

Firſt, then your Patient's Conſtitution learn,
And well the Temper of his Bloud diſcern,
If that be pure, with ſo much greater eaſe
You will engage, and vanquiſh the Diſeaſe,
Whoſe venome, where black Choler choaks the Veins,
Takes firmer hold, and will exact more Pains(

More violent Aſſaults you there muſt make,
And on the batter'd Frame no pity take.
Who e'er can ſoon diſcern the lurking Grief,
With far leſs labour may expect Relief;
But when the Foe has deeper inroads made,
And gain'd the factious humours to his Aid,
What Toil, what Conflicts muſt be firſt ſuſtain'd
Before he's diſpoſſeſt, and Health regain'd;
Therefore with Care his firſt approaches find,
And hoard theſe uſefull Precepts in thy Mind.

From noxious Winds preſerve your ſelf with care;
And ſuch are all that from the South repair
Of Fens and Lakes, avoid th' unwholſome Air.
To open fields and ſunny Mountains fly
Where *Zephyr* fans, and *Boreas* ſweeps the Sky:
Nor muſt you there indulge Repoſe, but ſtray,
And in continu'd actions ſpend the Day;

With ev'ry Beaſt of Prey loud War proclaim,
And make the grizly Boar your conſtant Game,
Nor yet amongſt theſe great Attempts diſdain,
To rouſe the Stag, and force him to the Plain.
Some I have known to th' Chaſe ſo much inclin'd,
That in the Woods they left their Grief behind,
Nor yet think ſcorn the ſordid Plow to guide,
Or with the pondrous Rake the Clods divide,
With heavy Ax, and many weary blow,
The towring Pine, and ſpreading Oak o'erthrow;
The very Houſe yields Exerciſe, the Hall
Has room for Fencing, and the bounding Ball.
Rouze, rouze, ſhake off your fond deſire of Eaſe,
For Sleep foments and feeds the foul Diſeaſe,
'Tis then th' Invader do's the Vitals ſeize.
But chiefly from thy Thoughts all ſorrows drive,
Nor with *Minerva*'s knotty Precepts ſtrive,

With

With lighter Labours of the Muſes ſport, (reſort.
And ſeek the Plains where Swains and Nymphs
Abſtain however from the Act of Love,
For nothing can ſo much deſtructive prove:
Bright *Venus* hates polluted Myſteries,
And ev'ry Nymph from foul Embraces flies.
Dire practice! Poiſon with Delight to bring,
And with the Lovers Dart, the Serpent's ſting.

A proper Diet you muſt next prepare, (care;
Than which there's nothing more requires your
All Food that from the Fens is brought refuſe,
Whate'er the ſtanding Lakes or Seas produce,
Nor muſt long Cuſtome paſs for an Excuſe;
Therefore from Fiſh in general I diſſuade,
All theſe are of a waſhy Subſtance made,
Which though the luſcious Palate they content,
Convert to Humours more than Nouriſhment;

Ev'n

Ev'n Giltheads, though moſt tempting to the ſight,
And ſharp-fin'd Perch that in the Rocks delight.
All ſorts of Fowl that on the Water prey,
By the ſame Rule I'd have remov'd away,
Forbear the Drake, and leave *Rome*'s ancient Friend
The Capitol and City to Defend.
No leſs the Buſtard's luſcious Fleſh decline,
Forbear the Back and Entrails of the Swine,
Nor with the hunted Boar thy Hunger ſtay,
Enjoy the Sport, but ſtill forbear the Prey.
I hold nor Cucumber nor Muſhroms good,
And Artichoke is too ſalacious Food:
Nor yet the uſe of Milk would I enjoin,
Much leſs of Vinegar or eager Wine,
Such as from *Rhætia* comes, and from the *Rhine*;
The *Sabine* Vintage is of ſafer Uſe,
Which mellow and Well-water'd fields produce:

But

But if your Banquets with the Gods you'd make
Of Herbs and Roots the unbought Dainties take;
Be ſure that Mint and Endive ſtill abound,
And Sowthiſtle, with leaves in Winter crown'd,
And *Sian* by clear Fountains always found;
To theſe add Calamint, and Savery
Burrage and Balm, whoſe mingled ſweets agree,
Rochet and Sorrel I as much approve:
The climbing Hop grows wild in ev'ry Grove,
Take thence the infant Buds, and with them join
The curling Tendrells of the ſpringing Vine,
Whoſe Armes have yet no friendly ſhade allow'd,
Nor with the weight of juicy Cluſters bow'd.
Particulars were endleſs to rehearſe,
And weightier Subjects now demand our Verſe.
We'll draw the Muſes from *Aonian* Hills,
To Natures Garden, Groves and humble Rills,

Where

Where if no Laurels ſpring, or if I find
That thoſe are all for Conquerours deſign'd;
With Oaken Leaves at leaſt I'll bind my Brow,
For millions ſav'd you muſt that Grace allow.
At firſt approach of Spring, I would adviſe,
Or ev'n in Autumn months if ſtrength ſuffice,
To bleed your Patient in the regal Vein,
And by degrees th' infected Current drein:
But in all Seaſons fail not to expell,
And purge the noxious Humours from their Cell;
But fit Ingredients you muſt firſt collect,
And then their different Qualities reſpect,
Make firm the Liquid and the Groſs diſſect.
Take, therefore, care to gather, in their prime,
The ſweet Corycian and Pamphilian Tyme,
Theſe you muſt boil, together with the Reſt
In this enſuing Catalogue expreſt:

Fennel

Fennell and Hop that cloſe Embraces weaves,
Parſley and Fumitory's bitter Leaves;
Wild Fern on ev'ry Down and Heath you'll meet
With Leaves reſembling *Polypus*'s ſhagg'd feet,
And Mayden-hair, of virtue ſtrange, but true
For dipt in Fountains, it reteins no Dew:
Hart's-tongue and Citarch muſt be added too.

The greater Part, and with ſucceſs more ſure,
By Mercury perform the happy Cure;
A wondrous virtue in that Mineral lies,
Whether by force of various Qualities
Of Cold and Heat, it flies into the Veins,
And with a fiercer Fire their Flame reſtrains,
Conqu'ring the raging Humours in their Seat,
As glowing Steel exceeds the Forge's heat,
Or whether his keen Particles (combin'd
With ſtrange connexion) when th'are once disjoin'd,

Diſperſe,

Diſperſe, all Quarters of the Foe to ſeize,
And burn the very Seeds of the Diſeaſe;
Or whether 'tis with ſome more hidden force
Endow'd by Nature to perform its Courſe,
Is hard to ſay, but though the Gods conceal
The virtual Cauſe, they did its uſe reveal. (ſhew,
Now by what means 'twas found our Song ſhall
Nor may we let Heav'ns Gifts in Silence go.

In *Syrian* Vales where Groves of Oſier grow,
And where *Callirrhoe's* ſacred Fountains flow.
Ilceus the Huntſman, who with Zeal ador'd
The rural Gods, with Gifts their Altars ſtor'd;
Was yet afflicted with this reſtleſs Grief,
And, if Tradition may obtain belief,
As he was watering there each ſpicy Bed,
Thus to entreat the *Sylvan* Pow'rs, is ſaid.

You Deities by me ador'd, and Thou,
Callirrhoe, who do'ſt Relief allow

'Gainſt

'Gainſt all Diſeaſes, as I ſlew for Thee
The Stag, and fix'd his Head upon a Tree;
A Tree that do's with leſſer Branches ſpread,
Than thoſe that join to that moſt horrid Head:
You ſacred Pow'rs if you'll remove away (Day,
This plague that Racks my Frame all Night and
I, all the mingled glories of the Spring,
Lilies and Violets to your Seats will bring,
With Daffadills firſt budding Roſes weave,
And on your Shrines the fragrant Garland leave.
He ſaid, and down upon the Herbage lay,
Tir'd with the raging Pain, and raging Day.
Callirrhoe (bathing in the neighbouring Well,
With Musk that grew in Plenty round the Cell)
Heard the Youth's pray'r and ſtreight in ſoft repoſe,
Th' indulgent Nymph his heavy Eyes did cloſe,
Then to his Fancy, from her ſacred Streams,
Appear'd and charm'd him with prophetick Dreams.

Ilceus

Ilceus (ſaid ſhe) my Servant, and my Care,
The Gods at laſt have hearken'd to thy Pray'r;
Yet, on the Earth, as far as *Sol* can ſpy,
For thy Diſeaſe remains no Remedy.
Cynthia and *Phœbus* too at her Requeſt,
Into thy tortur'd Veins have ſent this Peſt,
The Stag to her was ſacred which you ſlew,
And this the Puniſhment that did enſue,
For which the Earth, as far as *Sol* can ſee,
The ſpacious Earth, affords no Remedy:
Then ſince her Surface no relief can lend,
To her dark Entrails for thy Cure deſcend;
A Cave there is its ſelf an awfull ſhade,
But by *Jove*'s ſpreading Tree more dreadfull made,
Where mingling Cedars wanton with the Air,
Thither at firſt approach of Day repair;
A jet-black Ram before the Entrance ſlay,
And cry, theſe Rites great *Ops* to Thee I pay.

The

The leſſer Pow'rs, pale Ghoſts and Nymphs of Night,
The Smoak of Yew and Cypreſs ſhall invite;
Theſe Nymphs ſhall at the outmoſt Entrance ſtay,
And through the dark Retreats conduct thy way.
Riſe, riſe, nor think all this an idle Dream,
For know I am the Goddeſs of this Stream,
This for thy pious Homage to my Cell—
So ſpake the Nymph, and div'd into the Well.
The Youth ſtarts up aſtoniſh'd, but reſtor'd,
With gratefull pray'rs th' obliging Nymph ador'd
Thy Voice, bright Goddeſs, I'll with ſpeed Obey,
O ſtill aſſiſt and bleſs me on my Way.
With the next Dawn the ſacred Cave he found,
With ſpreading Oaks and towring Cedars crown'd;
A jet-black Ram did at the Entrance ſlay,
And cry'd theſe Rites, great *Op*, to thee I pay:

The leſſer Pow'rs, pale Ghoſts and Nymphs of Night,
The Smoak of Yew and Cypreſs did invite.
His Voice reſounding through the hollow Seats,
Diſturb'd the Nymphs within their deep Retreats.
Thoſe Nymphs that toil in Metals under ground,
Gave o'er their Work at th' unexpected Sound;
Some Quickſilver and Sulphur others brought,
From which calcin'd, the golden Oar was wrought;
Of pure Ætherial Light a hundred beams,
Of Subterranean fire a hundred Streams,
With various ſeeds of Earth and Sea they joyn'd,
For humane Eyes too ſubtle and refin'd.
But *Lipare* who forms the richer Oar,
And to the Furnace brings the Sulph'rous ſtore,
To *Ilceus* through the dark Receſſes broke,
And in theſe words the trembling Youth beſpoke:

Ilcens (for I have heard your Name and Grief)
Callirrhoe ſends you hither for relief;
Nor has the Goddeſs counſell'd you in vain,
Theſe Cells afford a Med'cine for your Pain;
Take courage therefore, and the Charge obey,
She ſaid, and through the Cavern leads the way.
He follows wondring at the dark aboads,
The ſpacious Voids and Subterranean Roads;
Aſtoniſht there to ſee thoſe Rivers move,
Which he obſerv'd to loſe themſelves above:
Each Cave, cry'd *Lipare*, ſome Pow'r contains,
I'th loweſt Manſion *Proſerpine* remains;
The middle Regions *Pluto*'s Treaſure hold,
And Nymphs that work in Silver, Braſs and Gold,
Of which rich Train am I, whoſe Veins extend,
And to *Callirrhoe*'s Stream the ſmoaking Sulphur ſend.

Thus through the Realms of Night they took their way,
And heard from far the Forge and Furnace play.
Theſe (ſaid the Nymph) the Beds of Metals are,
That give you wretched Mortals ſo much Care.
By thouſand Nymphs of Earth and Night enjoy'd,
Who yet in various Tasks are all employ'd.
Some turn the Current, ſome the Seeds diſſect
Of Earth and Sea, which ſome again collect,
That, mixt with Lightning, make the golden Oar,
While others quench in Streams the ſhining ſtore.
Not far from hence the *Cyclop's* Cave is found,
See how it glows, hark how their Anvils ſound.
But here turn off, and take the right-hand way,
This Path do's to that ſacred Stream convey,
In which thy onely Hope remains: She ſaid,
And under golden Roofs her Patient led,

Hard

Hard by, the Lakes of liquid Silver flow'd,
Which to the wondring Youth the Goddeſs ſhow'd;
Thrice waſht in theſe (ſaid ſhe) thy Pains ſhall end,
And all the Stench into the Stream deſcend.
Thrice with her Virgin hands the Goddeſs threw
On all his ſuffering Limbs the healing Dew:
He, at the falling Filth admiring ſtood,
And ſcarce believ'd for joy, the virtue of the Flood.
When therefore you return to open Day,
With Sacrifice *Diana*'s Rage allay,
And Homage to the Fountain's Goddeſs pay.
Thus ſpake the Nymph, and through the Realms of Night,
Reſtor'd the gratefull Youth to open Light.
This ſtrange Invention ſoon obtain'd belief,
And flying Fame divulg'd the ſure Relief.
But firſt Experiments did onely joyn,
And for a Vehicle uſe lard of Swine:

Larch-gum and Turpentine were added next,
That wrought more ſafe and leſs the Patient vext;
Horſe-greaſe and Bears with them they did com-
Bdellium and Gum of Cedar uſefull found; (pound,
Then Myrrh, and Frankincenſe were us'd by ſome,
With living Sulphur and *Arabian* Gum;
But if black Helebore be added too,
With Rain-bow Flowers your Method I allow;
Benzoin and Galbanum I next require,
Lint-Oil, and Sulphur's e'er it feels the Fire.
With theſe Ingredients mix'd, you muſt not fear
Your ſuffering Limbs and Body to beſmear,
Nor let the foulneſs of the Courſe diſpleaſe,
Obſcene indeed, but leſs than your Diſeaſe:
Yet when you do anoint, take ſpecial care
That both your Head and tender Breaſt you ſpare,
This done, wrapt cloſe and ſwath'd, repair to Bed,
And there let ſuch thick Cov'rings be o'e-rſpred,

Till

Till ſtreams of Sweat from ev'ry pore you force:
For twice five Days you muſt repeat this Courſe;
Severe indeed but you your Fate muſt bear,
And ſigns of coming Health will ſtreight appear.
The Maſs of Humours now diſſolv'd within,
To purge themſelves by Spittle ſhall begin,
Till you with wonder at your feet ſhall ſee,
A tide of Filth, and bleſs the Remedy.
For Ulcers that ſhall then the Mouth offend,
Boil Flowers that Privet and Pomgranets ſend.
Now, onely now, I would forbid the Uſe
Of generous Wine that noble Soils produce;
All ſorts without diſtinction you muſt fly,
The ſparkling Bowl with all its Charms deny.
Riſe, now victorious, Health is now at hand,
One labour more is all I ſhall command,

Eaſie and pleaſant; you muſt laſt prepare
Your Bath, with Roſemary and Lavander,
Vervain and Yarrow too muſt both be there;
'Mongſt theſe your ſleeping Body you muſt lay,
To chear you, and to waſh all Dreggs away.

But now the verdant Bleſſings that belong
To new diſcover'd Worlds demand our Song.
Beyond *Herculean* bounds the Ocean roars
With loud applauſe to thoſe far diſtant Shoars.
The ſacred Tree muſt next our Muſe employ,
That onely could this raging Plague deſtroy;
Juſt Praiſe (*Urania*) to this Plant allow,
And with its happy Leaves upon thy Brow,
Through all our *Latian* Cities take thy way,
And to admiring Croud the healing Boughs diſplay;
E'en I my ſelf ſhall prize my Streins the more,
For Bleſſings never Seen nor Sung before.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome more exalted Poet (warm'd,
For Martial Streins) with this new ſubject Charm'd
Shall quit the noble buſineſs of the Field,
Bequeath to Ruſt the Sword and poliſht Shield,
Leave wrangling Heroes that o'ercome or Dye,
Both ſhrouded in the ſame obſcurity;
Paſs o'er the haraſt Soil and bloudy Stream,
To proſecute this more delightfull Theme;
To tell how firſt auſpicious Navies made
More bold attempts, and th'Ocean's bounds eſſay'd;
To ſing vaſt Tracts of Land beyond the Main,
By former Ages gueſs'd, and wiſht in Vain,
Strange Regions, Floods and Cities to rehearſe,
And with true Prodigies adorn their Verſe;
New Lands, new Seas, and ſtill new Lands to ſpy,
Another Heaven, and other Stars deſcry.
When this is done reſume their Martial Strein,
And crown our Conqueſts in each ſavage Plain,

That

That ev'n from Vanquiſhment advantage draws,
Enrich'd with *European* Arts and Laws,
Shall ſing (what future Ages will confound)
How Earth and Sea one Veſſel did Surround.
Thrice happy to Bard whom indulgent Heav'n,
A Soul capacious of this Work has giv'n.
My weaker Muſe ſhall think her Office done,
Of all theſe wonders to record but one:
One ſingle Plant which theſe glad Lands produce
To ſpecifie and ſhew it's ſov'reign Uſe,
By what adventures found, and wafted o'er
From unknown Worlds to *Europe*'s wondring ſhore.

Far Weſtward hence where th'Ocean ſeems to boil
Beneath fierce *Cancer*, lies a ſpacious Iſle,
Deſcry'd by *Spaniards* roving on the Main,
And juſtly honour'd with the Name of *Spain*.
Fertile in Gold but far more bleſt to be,
The Garden of this conſecrated Tree:

Its

Its Trunk erect, but on his Top is ſeen,
A ſpreading Grove with Branches ever Green;
Upon his Boughs a little Nut is found,
But poignant and with Leaves encompaſs'd round;
The ſtubborn Subſtance toothleſs makes the Saw,
And ſcarcely from the Axe receives a flaw;
Diſſected, various Colours meet your view,
The outward Bark is of the Laurel hue;
The next like Box, the parts more inwards ſet,
Of dusky grain but not ſo dark as Jet;
If to theſe mixtures you will add the Red,
All colours of the gaudy Bow are ſpread.
This Plant the Natives conſcious of its uſe
Adore, and with religious Care produce;
On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Vale 'tis found,
And held the greateſt Bleſſing of the ground
Againſt this Peſt that always Rages there,
From Skies infected and polluted Air:

The outward Bark as uſeleſs they refuſe,
But with their utmoſt force the Timber bruiſe,
Or break in Splinters, which they ſteep a while
In fountains, and when ſoak'd, in Veſſels boil,
Regardleſs how too fierce a fire may make
The juice run o'er, whoſe healing Froth they take,
With which they Bath their Limbs where Puſtles breed,
And heal the Breaches where dire Ulcers feed.
Half boil'd away the Remnant they retain,
And adding Hony boil the Chips again:
To uſe no other Liquor when they Dine,
Their Countries Law, and greater Prieſt enjoyn:
The firſt Decoction with the riſing Light
They drink, and once again at fall of Night;
This courſe they ſtrictly hold when once begun,
Till *Cynthia* has her monthly Progreſs run,
Hous'd all the while where no offenſive Wind,
Nor the leaſt breath of Air can entrance find.

But

But who will yield us credit to proceed,
And tell how wondrous ſlenderly they Feed;
Juſt ſo much Food as can bare Life preſerve,
And to its joint connect each feeble Nerve:
Yet let not this ſtrange Abſtinence deter,
And make you think the Method too ſevere.
This Drink it ſelf will waſted Strength repair,
For *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* too are there;
All offices of Nature it maintains,
The Heart refreſhes, and recruits the Veins.
When the Draught 's tane, for two hours and no more
The Patient on his Couch is cover'd o'er;
For by this means the Liquor with more eaſe,
Expells in ſtreams of Sweat the foul Diſeaſe.
All Parts (O prodigy!) grow ſound within,
Nor any Filth remains upon the Skin;
Freſh youth in ev'ry Limb, freſh vigour's found,
And now the Moon has run her monthly Round.

What

What God did firſt the wondrous uſe diſplay,
Of this bleſt Plant, what chance did firſt convey
Our *European* Fleet to that rich ſhore,
That for their Toil ſo rich a Traffique bore,
Our Song ſhall now unfold; a Navy bound
For no known Port nor yet diſcover'd Ground,
Reſolv'd the ſecrets of the Main to find,
And now they leave their Native ſhore behind,
Clap on more Sail and skudd before the Wind.
Thus on the ſpreading Ocean they did ſtray,
For many Weeks uncertain of their way:
The thronging Sea-Nymphs wondring at the
Of each tall Ship appear above the Tide, (Pride,
And with proportion'd ſpeed around them glide,
Charm'd with each painted Stern and golden
With each gay Streamer, ſtriving as they go (Prow,
To catch their Pictures in the Flood below.

'Twas

'Twas night, but *Cynthia* did ſuch beams diſplay,
So ſtrong as more than half reſtor'd the Day.
When the bold Leader of this roving Train,
(The braveſt Youth that ever ſtemm'd the Main;)
As on the Decks he lay with anxious care,
And watchfull o'er his charge, conceiv'd this Pray'r;
Bright Goddeſs of the night (ſaid he) whoſe ſway,
All humid Things and theſe vaſt Seas obey;
Twice have we ſeen thy infant *Creſcents* ſpring,
And twice united in a glorious Ring.
Since firſt this Fleet commenc'd her reſtleſs toil,
Nor yet have gain'd the Sight of any Soil.
O Virgin Star, of nightly Planets chief,
Vouchſafe your weary Wanderers relief;
Let ſome fair Continent at laſt ariſe,
Or ſome leſs diſtant Iſle ſalute our Eyes;
At leaſt ſome Rock with one ſmall Rill and Port,
For theſe o'er-labour'd Boats and Youths ſupport.

The

The Goddeſs heard not this Addreſs in Vain,
But leaves to her nocturnal Steeds the Rein,
And like a Sea-Nymph floats upon the Main:
So well diſguis'd That *Clotho*'s ſelf might be
Deceiv'd, and take her for *Cymothoe*;
With ſuch a meen ſhe cut the yielding Tide,
And in theſe words beſpoke the wandring Guide;
Take courage, for the next approaching Day,
Shall ſee theſe Ships ſafe riding in the Bay;
But ſtay not long where firſt your Anchors fall,
The Fates to yet more diſtant Regions call;
Find *Ophyre* high-ſeated in the Main;
Thoſe Seats for you the Deſtinies ordain.
She ſaid, and puſht the Keel; a briſker Gale
Forthwith deſcends and pregnates ev'ry Sail:
Now from the Eaſt the Sun invites their Eyes,
As faſt they weſtward ſee the Mountains riſe

Like clouds at firſt, but as they nearer drew,
Rocks, Groves and Springs were open'd to their View;
High on the Decks the joyfull Sailers ſtand,
And thrice with Shouts ſalute the expected Land.
Then ſafely Anchor'd in the promis'd Bay,
Firſt to the Gods their juſt Devotion pay.
Four days, no more, are ſpent upon this Soil,
To fit their ſhatter'd Ships for farther Toil,
Each hand once more is to his Charge aſſign'd,
All take advantage of the friendly Wind;
A ſwift and ſteddy courſe they now maintain,
And leave *Anthylia* floating on the Main:
With *Hagia*'s coaſt, and tall *Ammeria*'s Iſle,
The Cannibals moſt execrable Soil,
O'er all the Deep they now ſee Turrets riſe,
And Iſlands without number meet their Eyes;

'Mongſt theſe they ſingled one from whence they hear'd
Streams fall, while ſpreading Groves aloft appear'd,
Charm'd with theſe Objects there they put to ſhore,
Where firſt the Iſlands Genius they adore,
Then ſpread their Banquet on the verdant ground,
Whilſt Bowls of ſparkling Wine go nimbly round;
Refreſht, they ſeparate, ſome to deſcry
The country, others more o'er-joy'd to ſpye
Beneath the Flood pure Gold lye mixt with Sand,
And ſeize the ſhining Oar with greedy hand.
At length a Flock of painted Birds they view,
With azure Plumes and Beaks of Coral-hue,
Which fearleſs through the Glades did ſeem to rove,
And percht ſecurely in their native Grove;
The Youths to temper'd Engins have recourſe
That imitate the Thunders dreadfull Force,

Vulcan's invention while with wondrous Art,
He did to Men the Arms of *Jove* impart;
Each takes his Stand and ſingles out his Mark,
The dire Ingredients with a ſudden Spark
Enflam'd, diſcharge with rage the whizzing Ball,
The unſuſpecting Birds by hundreds fall;
The Air with Smoak and Fire is cover'd round,
The Groves and Rocks aſtoniſht with the ſound,
And ſhaking Sands beneath the Seas rebound.
The Remnant of the Flock with terrour fly
To Rocks whoſe Turrets ſeem'd to pierce the Sky;
From whence with humane Voice (O dire Portent!)
One of this feather'd Tribe theſe Numbers ſent.
You who have Sacrilegiouſly aſſay'd,
The Sun's lov'd Birds, and impious ſlaughter made,
Hear what th' enrag'd avenging God prepares,
And in prophetick Sounds by me declares.

Know, you at laſt have reacht your promis'd ſoil,
For this is *Ophyre*'s long expected Iſle,
But deſtin'd Empire ſhall not yet obtain
Of Provinces beyond the weſtern Main,
The Natives of long Liberty deprive,
Found Cities, and a new Religion give,
Till Toils by Earth and Sea are undergone,
And many dreadfull Battels loſt and won;
For, moſt ſhall leave your Trunks on foreign Land,
Few ſhatter'd Ships ſhall reach your native Sand;
In vain ſhall ſome Sail back again to find,
Their wretched Comrades whom they left behind;
Whoſe Bones of fleſh deveſted ſhall be found,
For *Cyclops* too in theſe dire Coaſts abound:
Your Foes o'er-come, your Fleet in Civil Rage
Shall diſagree, and Ship with Ship engage.
Nor end your ſufferings here, a ſtrange Diſeaſe,
And moſt obſcene ſhall on your Bodies ſeize;

In this diſtreſs your Errour you ſhall mourn,
And to theſe injur'd Groves for Cure return;
This dreadfull Doom the feather'd Prophet ſpoke,
And ſculkt within the Covert of the Rock.
Aſtoniſht with the unexpected ſound,
Th'offending Men fell proſtrate on the ground;
Forgiveneſs from the ſacred Flock to gain,
But chiefly *Phœbus* Pardon to obtain.
The Guardians of the Grove to reconcile,
And once more hail the fair *Ophyrian* Iſle.
Theſe Rites perform'd, returning on their way,
A race with humane Shape they did ſurvey,
But black as Jet, who ſally'd from the Wood,
And made the Vale more dark in which they ſtood;
No Garment o'er their Breaſts or Shoulders ſpread,
And wreaths of peacefull Olive on their Head;
Unarm'd, yet more with wonder ſtruck than fear,
They view'd the Strangers, and approach'd more near;

Aſtoniſht at their glittering Arms, but more
At each proud Veſſel lodg'd upon the Shore,
The Flags and Streamers ſporting with the Wind,
And thought their Owners more than humane kind,
Some Gods or Heroes to the Gods ally'd,
And more than Mortal reverence apply'd;
But to our Chief their firſt Reſpect they paid,
And cheap, but yet moſt royal Preſents made,
Rich golden Oar, of uſe and worth unknown,
And onely priz'd by them becauſe it ſhone,
With which the bleſſings of their Fields were born,
Ripe bluſhing Fruits and pondrous Ears of Corn;
Unpoliſht but capacious Veſſels fill'd
With Hony from each frágrant Tree diſtil'd,
Which did from Heaven in nightly Dew arrive,
Without the tedious labours of the Hive.

With

With them our Garments like Reception found,
And now the Tribes ſate mingled on the Ground,
With *Indian* Food and *Spaniſh* Vintage crown'd:
Who can expreſs the Savages delight,
As if the Gods ſome Mortal ſhou'd invite
To heavenly Courts, and with the *Nectar*-bowl
Into a Deity exalt his raviſht Soul.

By chance the ſolemn Day was drawing near,
The greateſt Feſtival of all the Year;
And to the Sun their greateſt God belong'd,
To which from ev'ry part the Natives throng'd,
With whom their Neighbours of *Heſperia* met;
And now within the ſacred Vale were ſet
Each Sex, and all degrees of Age were ſeen,
But plac'd without diſtinction on the Green;
Yet from the Infant to the grizled Head,
A cloud of Grief o'er ev'ry Face was ſpread,

All languiſh'd with the ſame obſcene Diſeaſe,
And years, not Strength diſtinguiſht the Degrees;
Dire flames upon their Vitals fed within,
While Sores and cruſted Filth prophan'd their Skin.
At laſt the Prieſt in ſnowy Robes array'd,
The Boughs of healing Guiacum diſplay'd,
Which (dipt in living Streams) he ſhook around
To purge, for holy Rites the tainted Ground.
An Heifer then before the Altar ſlew,
A Swain ſtood near on whom the Blood he threw;
Then to the Sun began his myſtick Song,
And ſtreight was ſeconded by all the Throng.
Both Swine and Heifers now by thouſands bleed,
And Natives on their roaſted Entrails feed.

Our Train with wonder ſaw theſe Rites, but more
Aſtoniſht at the Plague unſeen before:
Mean while our Leader in his carefull breaſt,
Form'd ſad Conjectures of this dreadfull Peſt,

This,

This, this ſaid he (the Gods avert our Fate)
Is that dire Curſe which *Phœbus* did relate;
The Birds prodigious Song I now recall,
The ſtrange Diſeaſe that on our Troops ſhou'd fall.
As therefore from the Altar they retir'd,
Our Gen'ral of the Native Prince enquir'd,
To what dread Power theſe Off'rings did belong?
What meant that languiſhing infected Throng?
And why the Shepherd by the Altar ſtood?
And wherefore Sprinkled with the guſhing bloud?
To which the Iſland Monarch, noble Gueſt,
With annual Zeal theſe Off'rings are addreſt,
To *Phœbus* enrag'd Deity aſſign'd,
And by our Anceſtours of old enjoin'd;
But if a foreign Nations toils to learn,
And leſs refin'd be worth your leaſt concern,
If you have any Senſe of Strangers fate,
From its firſt ſource the Story I'll relate:

Perhaps

Perhaps you may have heard of *Atlas* name,
From whom in long deſcent great Nations came;
From him we ſprang, and once a happy Race,
Belov'd of Heav'n while Piety had place,
While to the Gods our Anceſtours did Pray,
And gratefull Off'rings on their Altars lay.
But when the Powers to be deſpis'd began,
When to leud Luxury our Nation ran;
Who can expreſs the Mis'ries that enſu'd,
And Plagues with each returning Day renew'd?
Then fair *Atlantia* once an Iſle of fame,
(That from the mighty *Atlas* took its Name,
Who there had govern'd long with upright Sway)
Was gorg'd intire, and ſwallowed by the Sea.
With which our Flocks and Herds were wholly (drown'd,
Not one preſerv'd or ever after found.
Since when outlandiſh Cattle here are ſlain,
And Bulls of foreign Breed our Altars ſtain;

In that dire Seaſon this Diſeaſe was bred,
That thus o'er all our tortur'd Limbs is ſpread:
Moſt univerſal from it Birth it grew,
And none have ſince eſcap'd or very few;
Sent from above to ſcourge that vicious Age,
And chiefly by incens'd *Apollo*'s Rage,
For which theſe annual Rites were firſt ordain'd,
Whereof this firm Tradition is retain'd.

A Shepherd once (diſtruſt not ancient Fame)
Poſſeſt theſe Downs, and *Syphilus* his Name.
A thouſand Heifers in theſe Vales he fed,
A thouſand Ews to thoſe fair Rivers led:
For King *Alcithous* he rais'd this Stock,
And ſhaded in the Covert of a Rock,
For now 'twas *Solſtice*, and the *Syrian* Star
Increaſt the Heat and ſhot his Beams afar;
The Fields were burnt to aſhes, and the Swain
Repair'd for ſhade to thickeſt Woods in vain,

No

No Wind to fan the scorching Air was found,
No nightly Dew refresht the thirsty Ground:
This Drought our *Syphilus* beheld with pain,
Nor could the suff'rings of his Flock sustain,
But to the Noon-day Sun with up-cast Eyes,
In rage threw these reproaching Blasphemies,
Is it for this O *Sol*, that thou art sty'd
Our God and Parent? how are we beguil'd
Dull Bigots to pay Homage to thy Name?
And with rich Spices feed thy Altar's flame:
Why do we yearly Rites for thee prepare,
Who tak'st of our affairs so little Care?
At least thou might'st between the Rabble Kine
Distinguish, and these royal Herds of Mine.
These to the great *Alcithous* belong,
Nor ought to perish with the Vulgar throng.
Or shall I rather think your Deity
With envious Eyes our thriving Stock did see?

I grant you had ſufficient cauſe indeed,
A thouſand Heifers of the ſnowy Breed,
A thouſand Ews of mine theſe Downs did feed;
Whilſt one Etherial Bull was all your ſtock,
One Ram, and to preſerve this mighty Flock,
You muſt forſooth your *Syrian* Dog maintain,
Why do I worſhip then a Pow'r ſo Vain?
Henceforth I to *Alcithous* will bring
My Off'rings and Adore my greater King,
Who do's ſuch ſpacious Tracts of Land poſſeſs,
And whoſe vaſt Pow'r the conquer'd Seas confeſs.
Him I'll invoke my Suff'rings to redreſs.
Hee'll ſtreight command the cooling Winds to blow,
Refreſhing Show'rs on Trees and Herbs beſtow,
Nor ſuffer Thirſt, both Flock and Swain to kill:
He ſaid, and forthwith on a neighbouring Hill
Erects an Altar to his Monarch's name,
The Swains from far bring Incenſe to the Flame;

At

At length to greater Victims they proceed,
Till Swine and Heifers too by hundreds Bleed,
On whose half roasted Flesh the impious Wretches feed.

All quarters soon were fill'd with the Report,
That ceas'd not till it reacht the Monarch's Court;
Th'aspiring Prince with Godlike Rites o'er joy'd,
Commands all Altars else to be destroy'd,
Proclaims Himself in Earth's low sphere to be
The onely and sufficient Deity;
That Heav'nly Pow'rs liv'd too remote and high,
And had enough to do to Rule the Sky.
Th'all-seeing Sun no longer could sustain
These practices, but with enrag'd Disdain
Darts forth such pestilent malignant Beams,
As shed Infection on Air, Earth and Streams;
From whence this Malady its birth receiv'd,
And first th'offending *Syphilus* was griev'd,

Who

Who rais'd forbidden Altars on the Hill,
And Victims bloud with impious Hands did ſpill;
He firſt wore Buboes dreadfull to the ſight,
Firſt felt ſtrange Pains and ſleepleſs paſt the Night;
From him the Malady receiv'd its name,
The neighbouring Shepherds catcht the ſpreading Flame:
At laſt in City and in Court 'twas known,
And ſeiz'd th'ambitious Monarch on his Throne;
In this diſtreſs the wretched Tribes repair
To *Ammerice* the Gods Interpreter,
Chief Prieſteſs of the conſecrated Wood,
In whoſe Retreats the awfull Tripod ſtood,
From whence the Gods reſponſal ſhe expreſt;
The Crowd enquire what Cauſe produc'd this Peſt,
What God enrag'd? and how to be appeas'd,
And laſt what Cure remain'd for the Diſeas'd?
To whom the Nymph reply'd—the Sun incens'd,
With juſt revenge theſe Torments has commene'd.

What

What man can with immortal Pow'rs compare?
Fly, wretches, fly, his Altars ſoon repair,
Load them with Incenſe, Him with Pray'rs invade,
His Anger will not eaſily be laid;
Your Doom is paſt, black *Styx* has heard him ſwear,
This Plague ſhould never be extinguiſht here,
Since then your Soil muſt ne'er be wholly free,
Beg Heav'n at leaſt to yield ſome Remedy:
A milkwhite Cow on *Juno*'s Altar lay,
To Mother Earth a jet-black Heifer ſlay;
One from above the happy Seeds ſhall ſhed,
The other rear the Grove and make it ſpread,
That onely for your Grief a Cure ſhall yield.
She ſaid: the Croud return'd to th' open'd Field,
Rais'd Altars to the Sun without delay,
To Mother Earth, and *Juno* Victims ſlay.
'Twill ſeem moſt ſtrange what now I ſhall declare,
But by our Gods and Anceſtours I ſwear,

'Tis

'Tis ſacred Truth——
Theſe Groves that ſpread ſo wide and look ſo green
Within this Iſle, till then, were never ſeen,
But now before their Eyes the Plants were found
To ſpring, and in an inſtant Shade the ground.
The Prieſt forthwith bids Sacrifice be done,
And Juſtice paid to the offended Sun;
Some deſtin'd Head t'attone the Crimes of all,
On *Syphilus* the dreadfull Lot did fall,
Who now was plac'd before the Altar bound,
His head with ſacrificial Garlands crown'd,
His Throat laid open to the lifted Knife,
But interceding *Juno* ſpar'd his Life,
Commands them in his ſtead a Heifer ſlay,
For *Phœbus* Rage was now remov'd away.
This made our gratefull Anceſtours enjoin,
When firſt theſe annual Rites they did aſſign,

That to the Altar bound a Swine each time
Should ſtand, to witneſs *Syphilus* his Crime.
All this infected Throng whom you behold,
Smart for their Anceſtours Offence of old:
To heal their Plague this Sacrifice is done,
And reconcile them to th' offended Sun.
The Rites perform'd, the hallow'd Boughs they
The ſpeedy certain Cure for their Diſeaſe. (ſeize,
With ſuch diſcourſe the Chiefs their Cares de-
Whoſe Tribes of different Worlds united live, (ceive,
Till now the Ships ſent back to *Europe's* ſhore,
Return and bring prodigious Tidings o'er.
That this Diſeaſe did now through *Europe* rage,
Nor any Med'cine found that cou'd aſſuage,
That in their Ships no ſlender Number mourn'd,
With Boils without and inward Ulcers burn'd.
Then call'd to mind the Bird's prophetick ſound,
That in thoſe Groves Relief was to be found.

Then

Then each with ſolemn Vows the Sun entreats,
And gentle Nymphs the Gardians of thoſe Seats.
With luſty Strokes the Grove they next invade,
Whoſe weighty Boughs are on their Shoulders laid,
Which with the Natives methods they prepare,
And with the healing Draughts their Health repair,
But not forgetfull of their Country's good,
They fraight their largeſt Ships with this rich Wood,
To try if in our Climate it would be
Of equal uſe, for the ſame Malady:
The years mild Seaſon ſeconds their deſire,
And weſtern Winds their willing Sails inſpire.
Iberian Coaſts you firſt were happy made
With this rich Plant, and wonder'd at its Aid;
Known now to *France* and neighbouring *Ger-*
Cold *Scythian* Coaſts and temp'rate *Italy*, } *many*
To *Europe*'s Bounds all bleſs the vital Tree.

Hail heav'n-born Plant whose Rival ne'er was seen,
Whose Virtues like thy Leaves are ever green;
Hope of Mankind and Comfort of their Eyes,
Of new discover'd Worlds the richest Prize.
Too happy would Indulgent Gods allow,
Thy Groves in *Europe*'s nobler Clime to grow:
Yet if my Strains have any force, thy Name
Shall flourish here, and *Europe* sing thy Fame.
If not remoter Lands with Winter bound,
Eternal Snow, nor *Libya*'s scorching Ground,
Yet *Latium* and *Benacus* cool Retreats,
Shall thee resound, with *Athesis* fair Seats.
Too, blest if *Bembus* live thy Growth to see,
And on the Banks of *Tyber* gather thee,
If he thy matchless Virtues once rehearse,
And crown thy Praises with eternal Verse.

FINIS.

ERRATA. *Page* 5. *line* 12 *for* never *reade* never, p. 35. l. 31 *for* wandring *r.* wondring, p. 58 l. 5. *for*, to Bard *r.* Bard to.